

And by disioyning hands hell lose a soule.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.
Bast. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,
 Because,
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
John. Philip, what saist thou to the Cardinal?
Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?
Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
 Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
 Or the light losse of England, for a friend:
 Forgoe the easier.
Bla. That's the curse of Rome.
Con. O Lewis, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere
 In likeness of a new vntrimmed Bride.
Bla. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
 But from her need.
Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
 Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
 That need, must needs inferre this principle,
 That faith would liue againe by death of need:
 O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp.
 Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
John. The king is mou'd, and answers not to this.
Con. O be remou'd from him, and answer well.
Aust. Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet iour.
Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to say.
Pau. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?
 If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?
Fra. Good reuerend father, make my person yours,
 And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?
 This royall hand, and mine are newly knit,
 And the coniunction of our inward soules
 Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vowes,
 The latest breath that gaue the sound of words
 Was deepe, sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
 Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,
 And euen before this truce, but new before,
 No longer then we well could wash our hands,
 To clasp this royall bargaine vp of peace,
 Heauen knowes they were besmeard and ouer-staind
 With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
 The fearefull difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?
 So newly ioyn'd in loue: so strong in both,
 Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so ielt with heauen,
 Make such vnconstant children of our selues
 As now againe to snatch our palme from palmes:
 Vn-swear faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a ryot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O holy Sir
 My reuerend father, let it not be so.
 Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose
 Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
 To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
 Saue what is opposite to Englands loue.
 Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
 Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
 A mothers curse, on her reuolting sonne:
France. thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue;
 A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
 Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
Fra. I may dis-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak' st thou faith an enemy to faith,
 And like a ciuill warre settst oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
 First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,
 That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
 What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,
 And may not be performed by thy selfe,
 For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
 Is not amisse when it is truly done:
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better Act of purposes mistooke,
 Is to mistake again, though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
 And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
 Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:
 It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
 But thou hast sworne against religion:
 By what thou swearst against the thing thou swearst,
 And mak' st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
 Against an oath the truth, thou art vntrue
 To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,
 Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?
 But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,
 And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
 Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
 Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:
 And better conquest neuer canst thou make,
 Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Vpon which better part, our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
 The perill of our curses light on thee
 So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off
 But in despair, dye vnder their blacke weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Bast. Will't not be?
 Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Armes.
Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
 Against the blood that thou hast married?
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums
 Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
 O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
 Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
 Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
 Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
 Against mine Vncle.
Const. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
 I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Dauphin,
 Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.
Blanch. Now shall I see thy loue, what motive may
 Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?
Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
 His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor.
Dolph. I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,
 When such profound respects doe pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse vpon his head.
Fra. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall fro' thee.
Const. O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.
Elea. O soule reuolt of French inconstancy.
Eng. France. y shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Bast. Old Time the clocke setter, y bald sexton Time:
 Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Bla. The Sun's ore-cast with bloud: faire day adieu,
 Which is the side that I must goe withall?
 I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
 And in their rage, I haueing both of both,
 They whurle a sunder, and dismember mee.
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:
 Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
 Father, I may not wish thy wishes true:
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes true:
 Who-euer wins, on that side shall I lose:
 Assured losse, before the match be plaid,
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.
John. Cosen, goe draw our puiſance together.
France. I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
 Arage, whose heat hath this condition:
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood and deereft valued bloud of France.
Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne
 To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
 Looko to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie.
John. No more then he that threats. To Armes let's hie.

Scena Secunda.

Allarums, Exursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's
 head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
 Some avery Deuill hovers in the skie,
 And pour's downe mischief. Austria's head lye there,
 Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes.
John. Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp,
 My Mother is assayed in our Tent,
 And tane I feare.

Bast. My Lord I rescued her.
 Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
 But on my Liege, for very little paines
 Will bring this labor to an happy end. Exit.

Allarums, excursions, Retreat: Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur
 Bastard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde
 So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad,
 Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
 As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.
John. Cosen away for England, haste before,
 And ere our coming see thou shake the bags
 Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angells
 Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
 Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:
 Vse our Commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not drine me back,
 When gold and siluer beckes me to come on.
 I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray,
 (If euer I remember to be holy)
 For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Cosen.

John. Coz, farewell.

Ele. Come hether little kinsman, hark, a worde.

John. Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
 We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
 There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,
 And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
 And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Liues in this bosome, deerey cherished.
 Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
 But I will fit it with some better tune.
 By heauen Hubert, I am almost ashamed
 To say what good respect I haue of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
 But thou shalt haue: and creepe time nere so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
 I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
 The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
 To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
 Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
 Sound on into the drowzie race of night:

If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
 Or if that surly spirit melancholy
 Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,
 Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
 Making that idiole laughter keepe mens eyes,
 And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
 A passion hatefull to my purposes:

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
 Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,

Without eyes, eares, and harmefull found of words,
 Then, in despite of brooded watchfull day,
 I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:
 But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
 And by my troth I thinke thou sou'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
 Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
 By heauen I would doe it.

John. Doe not I know thou wouldst?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend
 He is a very serpent in my way,
 And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And Ile keepe him so,
 That he shall not offend your Maiesty.

John. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

John. A Graue.

Hub. He shall not liue.

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee.
 Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
 Ile send those powers a're to your Maiesty.

Ele. My blessing goe with thee.

John. For England Cosen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

Withal true deuotie: On toward Calice hoa.

Scena